



That I may neither beare anothers blame
 Through' wronge suspicions nor yet act y^e same
 At any time hereafter, but prove true
 Loe to be knowne your haue my face at viewe
 Rich Meighen Exc^{us}: in Cemiter: S^ti Dunstan: Ann: 1608



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A
RECANTATION
OF AN ILL LED LIFE;

OR,

A Discoverie of the High-way Law.

WITH

Vehement Disswasions to all (in that
kind) Offenders.

As also,

Many cautelous Admonitions and full
Instructions, how to know, shunne, and
apprehend a Thiefe.

Most necessary for all honest Travellers to peruse,
observe and practise.

Written by JOHN CLAVELL, *Gent.*

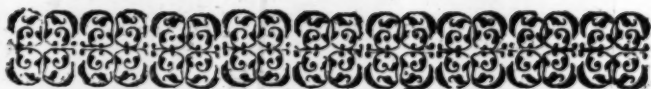
Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.
— *Quantum mutatus ab illo?*

Approved by the KINGS most excellent Majestie,
and published by his expresse Command.

The third Edition, with Addition.

LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* for Richard Meighen, next to the Middle
Temple in Fleetstreet. 1634.

P a f



*A few Lines presented unto his Majestie after
I was apprehended, yet before my tryall,
inferred here, at the intreaty of
a Friend.*

I That have Robb'd so oft, am now bid stand,
Death, and the Law assault me, and demand
My life, and meanes ; I never us'd men so,
But having ta'ne their money, let them goe ;
Yet must I dye ? and is there no reliefe ?
The King of Kings tooke mercy on a thiefe,
So may my graeious King in mercie save me,
Although grim Death, and Law, doe thus out-brave me.
God is his President, and men shall see
His Mercie is beyond Severity.





THE STATIONER
to the Buyer, wisheth all
happinesse,

Declaring,

THat having purchased this Copie of the Author, during his imprisonment, and making quicke sale of the two first Impressions, was importun'd to forbear a third, that the memory of the Authors fault (as hee alledged) might grow cold, lest it sticke, as a fresh and lasting Blemish on his future actions: To this nicitie of his, against my profit, I hitherto most willingly condescended; But it seemes (during the pause of this Prevention) that old Rebellion on the way hath gathered new strength, and is become againe an eminent, and bold sinne: For which cause and some others (being still daily importuned to set forth a third Impression) I condescended at the last thereunto, having first treated with many of the Authors friends, and well-wishers, who all conclude, there cannot be an apter soyle, to his stayder actions, than the memory of that his youthfull folly; Besides, the late and generall false report of his Relapse, and untoward death, made mee most willing a-

The Epistle, &c.

gaine to publish this worke of his, to let you know, hee
not onely lives, but hath also made good all these his
Promises, and strict Resolutions, in so much that it is
become very disputable amongst Wise men, whether
they should more admire his former ill wayes, or his
now most singular Reformation, whereat no man out-
joyes his friend; and

Yours

RICHARD

MEIGHEN.



TO
THE KINGS MOST
excellent Majestie.

(done
That you may see (great King) you have not
A worke in which your glory shall not live,
In saving me; the course which I have run,
Behold, deciphered, here to you I give.

In which I doe so punctually set forth,
Even in the liveliest colours, what I know
Of those base wayes: that who so has of worth
The meanest sparke, will scorne the like to doe.
I have not onely charactred this ill,
But Actors too; that the least judging eye,
Those Locusts, which your Land with trouble fill,
May in their chiefst disguises, them discry.
So that in saving me, you have destroy'd,
O Heav'n knows what, a crew of those wild things,
By whom your better people were annoy'd,
Whose lives may now speake service to their Kings.

A 3

And

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*And for my selfe, let my Detractors call
This course a servile one, and to my shame,
Say I have ripp'd the bowells up of all ;
And to preserve my life, have lost my fame
By such detections ; but (great Sir) you know
Your bountie without article or tie,
My forfeit life so freely did bestow,
You bad, it was obey'd, I did not dye.
This then I pay to you a double debt,
First, to that Grace preserv'd me, (which is yours :)
Next that borne duty I must not forget
The Subject ow's to Princes and their powers.
The last made greater by the first ; engage
Both life and duty in a two-fold band ;
Which may produce unto succeeding age
Stories worth my redemption ; which may stand
With the faire memories of men, so plac'd,
The times may blesse your mercie ; by whose grace
This shame and ills of mine are quite defac'd,
When vertue shall succeed in vice his place :
So that what after-good my life shall bring,
Must needs be call'd the blessing of my King.*

Your Majesties

most humbly devoted prostitute,

John Clavel.



TO
Her never to be equal'd MAJESTIE,
The Queene of Great Britaine, &c.

Honours Store-house, Vertues Storie,
Fames best Trophie, Natures Glorie.
O may with mosse the Muses floud
Bee over-growne, damm'd up with
All their holy Hills polluted, (mud:
And their Oracles confuted,
If that they straine not all they may,
Now their best vowes to you to pay;
And hoarse as Ravens may they sing,
Who dare neglect their offering;
Or finde a Subject for a verse,
That any meaner worths rehearse.
You the true Storie are, and all
That's rich, faire, sweet, Majesticall;
The fullest wonder of our time
For Chronicles, in Prose, or Rime;
And like the Rosie morne doe blesse
Our drooping Land with cheerefulnesse;
Throwing

The Epistle, &c.

Throwing your bounties every where
As fresh and fragrant as the ayre,
The Woodbines, and the Violet
The Season of the Yeare forget,
And to attend your sweetnesse doe
Grow every where, you tread, or goe.
I, in the Autumne of my life,
When Guilt, and Iustice were at strife,
Was by your Royall breath (strange thing)
Vnwithered, turn'd into my Spring.
Accept this Sacrifice (great Queene)
In which no merit can be scene,
But that your Royall Name doe blesse
My Muse in her unworthinesse.
And though no lustre crowne my art,
Holy fire inspires my heart.
Obedience, Dutie, Zeale, attend
The faithfull tribute, that I send.
So the Gods accept of still
Not the off'ring but the will.

*Celuy qui plus honor vos vertus
& admire vostre Bonte, & Cle-
mence & qui est le plus oblige
a vostre Majeste.*

JEHAN CLAVILE.

To the no lesse ennobled by *Vertue*, then
Honourable by their titles, and dignities,
 the Duchesses, Marchionesses, Countesses,
 with the rest of the most worthy and noble La-
 dyes, of the Court of that great Queene of
Mercie, her Majestie of Great
 BRITAIN.



He hardest heart, with rudest hand,
 That is least subject to command,
 That feares not God, grim death nor hell,
 Nor ever knew but to rebell,
 Seizing by force, and rising all
 That in his greedy Clutches fall,
 As you passe by, must in a Maze
 (Voyd of all power) stand and gaze;
 Such awe a Ladies presence beares,
 Filling a Rake-hells heart with feares;
 Besides you alwayes have your guide,
 And a safe convoy, as you ride;
 Not to protect you (there's no need)
 Is then this Storie, (you may read;))
 This chieftly is, to let you see
 My good amendments constancie;
 Our blessed Queene (mov'd thereunto
 I doe presume, by some of you)
 Preserv'd my life; accepts you then
 Just thanks, from my unskilfull pen;
 Lo, this I was enjoyn'd to write,
 But I meane shortly to indite
 A perfect, true, and ample Storie,
 That shall speake nothing but your glory;
 Accept (meane while) what here you see;
 You'l e otherwise dishearten mee.

The admirer of your vertues
 I. C.

B

To the Right Honourable, the Lords of
his Majesties most Honourable Pri-
vie Counsell, and Counsell of
Warre.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

SO vild, and audacious, so publike, and rebellious have mine offences beene, such, and so extraordinarie the mercie I have received (of both which I am truly sensible) that I wish really, and sincerely from my heart, I had suffered the shamefull death was due unto me, then, that now there is a faire occasion, I should be debarred from regaining my lost honour and reputation, in his Majesties Warres abroad. May it please your Honours, when I saw all my fellow offenders, and other delinquents whatsoever discharged and sent upon employment, I envied not their happinesse, but seriously began to consider, how I (who alone was denyed that fairest way of all) might do my Country some service, even whilst I continued here, an unfortunate and wretched prisoner. Thus sadly musing (finding my Conscience burthened) I resolved to write this reall *Recantation* of all my evill waies; whereby

The Epistle, &c.

by I have not onely disarmed, and prevented my selfe, from falling into the same lewde course of life, at any time hereafter; but also so fully and faithfully instructed all honest Travellers, that no man that will bee pleased to follow my advise, can from henceforth (that way) miscarry. Sithence therefore I have yeelded so faire a testimonie, both of my contrition, and conversion, I most humbly beseech your Honours to entertaine a favourable and good opinion of me, and (moved thence unto commiseration) that you would vouchsafe to grant a Warrant for my discharge, that I may not spend my youthfull dayes in this miserable and wretched Prison, but may on upon my Prince and countries service; where I am resolved to acquite my selfe by some brave and notable exployte, or a worthy death; and whilst I live, I shall at all times rest accountable for my libertie, and the life that is lent.

*Your Honours most embowden,
unworthy, and distressed
Suppliant*

I. C.

To all his Honorable, Noble, and never
to bee enough thanked Friends at the
Court.

THere's no necessitie that can exclude
The poorest being from a gratitude. (more,
For where the strength of Fortune lends no
Hee that is truly thankfull is not poore.
Were I to pay this debt to courser men,
I might despaire, and mine owne fate contemne;
Their satisfaction onely liues in things
That profit, or the Golden tribute brings.
But your farre finer soules in Heaven that dwell,
Despise those meaner ends, so neere to Hell,
And for your owne sakes noble actions doe
As well as theirs, they are extended to.
Yours be the bountie then, mine the great debt,
On which no time, nor power, can ransom set.

Yours most obliged,

J. C.

To the impartiall Iudges of his Majesties
Bench, my Lord Chiefe Justice, and
his other three Honorable
Assistants.

(loves,
Those pardon'd men who taste their Princes
(As married to new life) do give you gloves;
But I have chosen rather to present
You, with the offering of a faire intent.
And though your justest sentence lost its scope,
Yet I presume, your goodnesse will finde hope
In my unquestion'd alteration: so
You kild my sin, though my life scapt the blow.
And that is Iustice object's faire extent,
To Iudge the Past, the new ills to prevent.
For were the Bench of mens repentance sure,
None should the strictnesse of the Law endure.
So thrive this worke, as in effect it may
My vice, and true repentance both display.

Your distressed Prisoner

I. C.,

To all the Learned Doctors of
Divinitie and (leargie
in generall of this
Land.

Most inveterate is the malice of the Robbers on the High-way (the children of Beliall, through his instigation) so-wards you the chosen Ministers of God, and great is their advantage, you Riding armed (for the most part) inwardly onely, not with the Sword outwardly; and hence it commeth, that men of your Coat, and holy function, are so often surpris'd, and suffer injury, by the High-way side: but that you may from henceforth passe in peace, and safetie, follow these my Instructions, peruse this little Treatise, observe, not onely, what may concerne you in your owne particulars for matter of advice; but marke also how seriously I repent me of all my evill waies; how fully and really I have discharged my conscience, having left (not so much as a Hoofe behind) nothing at all to burthen it. There is more joy in Heaven at one sinner that repenteth, then at ninetie nine just persons that need no Repentance; Rejoyce you then likewise here on earth, I beseech you, and remember me in your Prayers, that it may please God to continue his grace in me; that I may remaine constant, in the end, and to the end, and seeke treasure in Heaven, where Theewes cannot breake thorow and steale, and continue as I am

A Reall Convert,

I. C.

To the right VVorshipfull the Iustices
of Peace, and Gentlemen of
qualitie in this kingdome.

Right Worshipsfull:

VSuall, and ordinary is your Contribution to the
reliefe of those that suffer losse by the High-way
side (the Law requiring it.) Great is your care and
trouble, almost at every Session and Assize, in tryall of
those, who that way offend; seriously to bee lamented is
the losse of many young Gentlemen (well descended) who
have bee ne for that fact, found guilty, and accordingly suf-
fered untimely, ignominious, yet deserved deaths; These
mischiefs, and inconveniences I have observed, and seri-
ously considered; so that (partly to extenuate my owne
foule offences, partly to procure ease unto my burthened
Conscience, but most especially that the like may not bee
hereafter) I have written this Discovery, which I entitle
my *Recantation*; I have hereby not only prevented the ba-
ser sort of people from committing such rebellious out-
rages, but also laid open to the better sort (I meane to such
as are of Gentle Parentage) the foulness and baseness of
the Act, that who so hath the least relish of a Gentleman,
will be no more seduced, and that way misled; now if it
take this good effect (as I heartily wish it may) I shall ac-
count my selfe happy, although I continue still,

A distressed Prisoner,

I. C.

To all the Grave, and Learned
Serjants and Counsellours
at L^A VV.

THere needs no cunning Setter to betray
To his Companions, when, nor yet which way
You are to ride, nor need the Theeves be told
What store of Coyne you carry; they all hold
You to be rich, and certaine prize; beside
They know when from, when to, the Terme you ride;
Great is your danger then, which to prevent
Peruse I pray what with a faire intent
Is offered to your view; if by what's here
(When you shall be beset) you get off cleare,
My joy shall be, just like the joy you take,
When for your pleading and good counsaile sake,
A poore man still in peace retaines his owne,
Who otherwise had beene quite overthrowne.

Yours in all due observance,

I. C.

To his Honored Friend, his ever deare
and well approved good Uncle, Sir

WILLIAM CLAVELL,

Knight Banneret.

YOur hidden purposes (grave Sir) that rest
Within the secret closet of your brest,
Have like predomination with my Fate,
I shall be happy or unfortunate,
As they assigne me; you may justly take
A faire occasion now, both to forsake
And utterly renounce me; but behold
My God above (whose secrets are untold,
All things on Earth as he thinks best decreeing,
What will my future actions be, fore-seeing)
Hath lent me life and mercie by my King,
Who is his Substitute in every thing;
Since then their doome is past, O let not me
Be new arraign'd, by your severitie;
Forget my foule offences, me, and all,
Vntill some brave, and noble actions shall
Bring you a new acquainted, if againe
I ever take a course what shall be vaine,
Or if of any ill I faultie be,
O then for ever dis-inherit me.

Your right sorrowfull Nephew,

JOHN CLAVELL.



To the Reader.

THe liveliest and best Monuments of men are their actions, and in those their memories either dye before them in infamy, or survive them unto the farthest extent of perpetuie in the fullest and fairest Registers of time and glory; both of these retain their substences, not in the brazen leaves of Sepulchres, nor in the tongue-failing relation of succession, but in those Paper Records, which seldom forfeite them to losse, although assaulted by never so many alterations, as the Stories from the first World, as well prophane as divine, may wonderfully witnesse to all Observers. This truth may question my discretion, that have made mine owne hand the Characterour of such actions as Posteritie will blush at, whose memory might easily have lost the thoughts of men in lesse then halfe an age, If thus I had not given it continuance as lasting as the World. It is confest in respect of my selfe the answer is difficult, but in respect of God, the World, and mine owne Conscience, I could contrive no fitter or more reall satisfaction. The sinnes of the deare children of God have had their like punishments, *David's* Murder and Adul-

To the Reader.

tery must have *David's* written Confession and Contrition, *Salomons* Lasciviousnesse must have his owne acknowledgement and Recantation; and to conclude, hee that is ashamed to confesse the ills that he hath beene conscious of, argues too palpably that he is a great many leagues from Repentance, and is more in love with his sinne, then his amendment. Beleeve in Charitie, this is my resolution, that mine owne free detection of this pernicious and common vice, might not onely kill the feare of my impossible relapses, but bee a just deterrer of all the worshippers of this course. Nor can I feare, that such Idolatry of theirs can rise in Iudgement against this truth of mine, which hath so honestly condemned them and their actions: or that their revenges, which they have already proclaimed against the innocence of my Recantation, can reach farther then the counsels of ACHITOPHEL, Whose effect extended to selfe-ruine, whilst I shall bee happy, to bee either censured or forgotten by them, for whose amendment I owe my Prayers, and will religiously invoke, that they may either become new men like me, or else, that they may know my resolution hath built me beyond the asperision of their poysons. Nor can I feare the ill construing of this worke of mine, they that love truth and reconciliation of wild youth (to that perfection the first creation intended) will love my expression, more then my Verse; and hugge my intended innocence, more then they can in goodnesse condemne my detected Offences; The rest, that are galled, or prevented by this Discovery must not dare to Iudge, because all indifferencie is denyed them. Nor can they whose hatreds against my Person or Actions, have drawne into a resolved opposing of my fairest courses, claime any Language in the condemnation of my Booke, or

profession of amendment, since their Iplorative Soules
will draw them into a worle extremitie of censure, then
ever my most provoking needs could mee, into the high
way of this kinde of sinning. Howsoever it is taken, it is
honestly meant, and will prove (questionlesse) a whole-
some prevention for the honest Traveller, whose satisfacti-
on I cover, that my ills may finde some Redemption that
way, which is the fullest ambition and hope of

From my lonely sad, and
unfrequented Cham-
ber in the *Kings Bench*,
October, 1627.

You well-wisher,

John Clavell.

The



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Hearty dis-
swasions
with my
best endea-
vours to re-
claime
them —

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CL.A.



CLAVELL'S

RECANTATION.

☞ **S** *Tand and Deliver*, to your observation,
 Right serious thoughts, that you by my rela-
 May benefit, for other wise in vaine (tion
 *I write, you read, unlesse from hence you gain

The happinesse I meane you ; blest is he
 That will make use of others jeopardy ;
 Be warn'd by me, so may you purchase hence
 At a cheape rate my deare experience.
 You must not looke from me to have the straine
 Of your *Black-fryers* Poets, or the vaine
 Of those high flying men, whose rare muse brings
 Forth births, that Gossipt are by Lords and Kings.
 For though I oft have seene *Gadd's-hill*, and those
Red tops of Mountaines, where good people lose,
 Their ill kept purses, I did never climbe
Pernassus Hill, or could adventure time,
 To tread the Muses Mazes, or their floore,
 Because I knew that they are lightly poore,
 And *Shooters* Hill was fitter farre for me,
 Where pass'd relieves for my owne poverty.
 I never rode on *Pegasus* (for then
 I had fled farther then pursuite of men)
 If therefore you expect a loftie straine
 You wrong your selves, and me, your thoughts are vaine.
 Perchance my verse may amble, trot, or fly
 As if my frights presented *Hue and Cry*
 To dogge me still; nor (Poetlike) I faine,
 My theame is Truth, my selfe the subject plaine.
 I cannot play the *Satyre* ; my disguise
 Fairly pluck't off, I am not grim, nor wise,

Nor

Nor curst enough to scourge, no Beadle I
 To punish you with petiſherie:
 I meane to paint my ſelfe, and not to be
 The Chronicler of others infamy.
 I will not ayme at Motes within your eyes,
 For I confeſſe in mine a beame there lies;
 Which I plucke out, and deale as punctually
 As if I ſpake againſt mine enemy.
 Let this invite you then, theſe neweſt wayes
 Of ſelfe invective writing Now adayes
 Each one commends himſelfe, and others blame
 Of faults, when he is guilty of the ſame,
 Yea and of worſer too, and ſeeming wiſe
 As folly will the daintieſt Wits deſpiſe.
 Such has beene my conceit, for I was prone
 To blame each action, which was not mine owne,
 Believing what I did was good, maintaining
 That my ungodly and worſt way of gaining
 Was more legitimaire, and farre more fit
 Then borrowing, and thus I argu'd it.
 Who, in the way of lone, takes from his friend
 (Whom he finds kind, and ready for to lend)
 The maine of his eſtate, with an intent
 (Premeditated baſely) fraudulent,
 Betrayes a truſt, and in performance ſlacke,
 Breakes both his word, his owne, and his friends backe,
 Who finds no remedy; but who hath loſt
 His purſe, repaid is at the Countries coſt;
 Beſides, the thief ſayes nor he will repay,
 Nor is't expected from him, and yet they
 That borrow, will a thouſand oaths let fly,
 And wiſh they may be damnd eternally
 If that the ſaile, and thus the purſe they ſil,
 Make light their oaths, and load their ſoules with ill.
 But hence capitulation, hee's not free
 From ill, that would by ill excuſed be.
 Such Sophiſtry as this, and ſuch beliefe
 The Prince of darkeneſſe *Satan*, that old thiefe

Did

Did prompt me to ; he first perfwades to sinne,
Then firmly that we may continue in
The foule transgressions we commit ; he tels
What faire excuse we may alledge, which quells
Our good intentions to desist ; he sayes
Vnto the Quarreller it is a praise
For to affront the Meeke, and a great glory
To boast thereof, and to repeat the story.
The Envious, and the fullen minded man
That aimes at blood, and ruine, all he can,
He cherishes, and sayes it is but meet,
Bids him persist, and that Revenge is sweet.
Thus *Satan* pleads, thus he deludes us all,
And then at last he glories in our fall.

☞ But horrid *Sire* of Hell I doe descry,
And find thou art the Father of each lie
That a delinquent has for his excuse,
And therein dorch consist thy maine abuse
Vnto Mankind, immediatly next that
Temptation which made *Eve* to perpetrate :
For since that damned act of thine, 'tis true
We sinne by Nature, but are borne anew
Through *Christ*, which blest regeneration
Has notwithstanding no relation
To those accursed that doe want the graco
For to appeale thereto, or have the face
To justifie themselves, and with a lie
As 'twere confront the sacred deitie.
Had *Adam* too, not from his just God fled,
Had he confest, as other wayes he did
Deny what he had done, and had he cryed
For mercie, when himselfe he justified,
I doe beleewe the vengeance for his sinne
Had not so lasting, and so heavie beene.
Thus I debated with my selfe when I
Was first attach'd, and kept so privately
That none must visit me, and even then
Not being allowed to have advice of men,

D

To

To thee my gracious God I did appeale,
 To thee (who knew'st before) I did reveale,
 Confesse, acknowledge, and bewaile my finnes,
 Ascertained that whosoever wins
 Mercie and favour from thee, must repent;
 That onely causes thee for to relent
 And stay thy wrath; I said within my heart,
 All idie wandring thoughts first set apart,
 O God most mercifull thou knowest all,
 What is, what was, and what hereafter shall;
 If thy fore-seeing knowledge doth descry,
 That if I live, I will live wickedly,
 And licking up the vomit of my sinne,
 The same or a worse way of ill begin,
 Now let thy thundring hand my curs'd dayes end:
 But if my evill dayes I shall amend,
 And by a true Conversion yeeld thee praise
 And glory, then, O then in mercie raise
 Me from the snares of Death, direct me too
 Both what I am to speake, and what to doe.
 Thus I besought my God; what comfort then
 And ease came to my mind, neither my pen
 Can write, nor you imagine, for that blisse
 Hee only knowes, by whom enjoy'd it is.
 But whilst this contemplation did transport
 My ravish'd mind, behold an another sort
 Of thoughts assault me, that the Devill might
 Lose all his power in me in this great fight;
 Me thought upon a suddaine I beheld
 My *Conscience* frighted with my sins that yell'd,
 And cry'd, accusing me, my ills were such,
 The glory that I saw, I might not touch;
 The *World* on th'other side, by me offended,
 Inditing me, with evidence transcended
 All trials here, for who will not confesse,
 Addes to his fault, and doth a new transgresse.
 The heavenly Iudge knew all, and could enforme
 The Iury how my passages were borne.

Then

Then *Satan* that had tempted, next comes in,
And though he fashion'd, yet reveal'd my sinne:
So that I conscious all amazed stood,
Betwixt so much of ill, so much of good.
And as my comforts reached at the crowne,
Frozen despaire assaies to plucke me downe.
At length my sinnes (me thoughts) like clouds did fly,
And vanish'd quite, and none accuser by
T'appeale against my pardon, which seal'd stood,
Writ in the Lambes deare innocence, and blood;
And all my ruines were restor'd, in that
He that must judge me is my Advocate.
And thus prepar'd, induc'd, assur'd, I came
To my confession here, resolv'd to name
And to particularize all my offences,
My ill got goods, and dearer times expences,
To satisfie sterne Iustice in each point,
Vnscrving my disguises joynt by joynt.
Nor caring though this freeness might deprive
My being here, and take me from the live
To mingle with the dead, if but from hence
My forfeit life might pay for mine offence,
I did not then unto the Iudge at home
Deny those evils, which were perhaps unknowne
To his enquirie, nor refuse to tell
What ever I had done that was not well.
And at the barre when Death and Iustice stood
Not greedy for, but challenging my blood
As debt to them, I did not faintly then
Before the faces of so many men
That witnesse my arraignment, or deny
My foulest deeds, nor could the feare to dye
About me hover with a face so grim,
As not to ease my conscience of the sinne
I had committed, that my judgement might
How sad so e're, be equall yet, and right.
And that the glory unto God might be
More then the pitie was bestow'd on me.

D 2

Nor

Nor was it hope of mercie that my youth
 Might purchase favour onely for this truth,
 Or that the Bench in policie might save
 Me from the clawes of death, in hope to have
 Such freeness from the like offenders still,
 When they should see my plainnesse thriv'd not ill;
 And that the law because I vented all,
 Would but my follies chide, not let me fall.
 No, it was none of these, my wounded minde,
 That could no rest, no ease, no quiet finde,
 But in confession, plainly prov'd that I
 Was lesse afraid of dying, then a lye:
 I knew besides that in concealing so,
 I striv'd to keepe my ills, not let them goe;
 And he that in excuses folds his shame
 Retaines his sinne, although he save his fame.
 Hence then my ill companion, I no more
 Will strive to hide thee, but unlocke the dore
 Where my offences lye, whose ugly shape
 Shall nor the worlds, nor mine owne censure scape.
 Of all the hainous facts man can commir,
 There's none like this of mine, for it is right
 Rebellion against God and man, so foule
 That it deserves the losse of life and soule.

☞ Now you licentious Rebels, that doe make
 Profession of this wicked course, and take
 A pride therein, and would be term'd by me
Knights of the Roades, or else at leastwise be
Stil'd High-way Lawyers, No, I doe desie
 You, and your actions, I will tell you why;
 But first plucke off your visards, hoods, disguise,
 Masks, Muzels, Mufflers, Patches from your eyes,
 Those Beards, those Heads of haire, and that great Wen
 Which is not naturall, that I may ken
 Your faces as they are, and rightly know.
 If you will blush at what I speake, or no;
 As well you may, but that you want the grace
 Forlornd men, I pitie though your case,

Because

Because it hath bene mine, and gladly I
Would suffer death to be a remedy,
And your example, onely that I know
It will doe better for to live, and shew
Vnto the world your basenesse, to prevent
Others that yet sinne onely in intent,
Conceiving that it is a gentle course,
Not to be discommended whilst none's worse
Or baser on the earth; yet it is true,
Some Gentlemen, perhaps before they knew
The poorenesse of this way, to serve their need
Have more then once attempted some such deed;
But now they see their warlike Prince take Armes,
They scorne to live upon their countries harmes,
But will goe on, whence there may Honour grow
To blot out quite their fames first overthrow,
Expressing to the world that want of Action,
As much as monies made them know your fiction,
VVhich though your courser natures follow still,
The Active spirit leaves, and knowes it ill;
But what are you that nothing can reclaime,
From giving to your soules so foule an ayme?
VVho neither feare of heavens, nor earths just Law
Can into compasse of selfe-knowing draw?
VVhose honours, strumpetted to this base course,
Have made you of your selves take no remorse,
But hugging your owne ruine, and foule shames,
Are proud in losing your repaite and fames?
Now I consider better, 'tis not strange
That you this life will for no other change;
For you have got by this vild course of sinning
A kinde of state, ne're knowne to your beginning;
And from attending others, are become
The principall, and best men in the roome,
Where (like the Ass in trappings) you doe awe
The silly beast, that Beere and Charet draw;
For they you Capitaines and Leutenants call,
And tremble when a frowne you doe let fall,

For *Peccatrice* now your selves are Masters growne,
 That in mans memorie were Foot-Boyes knowne;
 And you despaire as base as your condition,
 Makes you beleeve if you should leave Perdition
 In these attempts you should againe be made
 From being Sunnes your selves, anothers shade,
 And that your worthlesse spirits cannot rise
 In any course that walkes without disguise,
 For bred on dunghills, if unmask'd, you feare
 You shall too much in your owne filths appeare.

☞ And as the Witch, and damn'd Enchanters pay
 Their tributes to the Devill, and doe pray,
 In a loose forme, unto that beastly spiri,
 From whom they doe their wickednesse inherit,
 Have their oathes, orders, and distinctions, so,
 As they that in a tract of goodnesse goe:
 Such irreligious forme and course you take
 For your accursed, damn'd, Protectors sake.
 And fearing that your acts were not enough
 To make you his, an oath of such blacke stuffe
 You have compounded, as you meant to tye
 Your selves to sinne by your owne perjury.
 For he that truth forswears, but to his ills,
 Makes conscience of a vow, which conscience kill,
 And so is perjur'd, as he swears to be
 True to untruths, and false to honestie.
 With this you tempt and binde unhappy men,
 Who doubting to be damn'd, are damned then,
 And to these vowes still striving to be true,
 Forsake all good, in being just to you.
 This hellish oath you Minister, and now
 Out ere they ride you charme them to their vow,
 That if misfortune in your trafficke doe
 Betray you to the Law, and danger too,
 You must not tell your Complices, nor name
 How by this cursed trade, and life you came;
 If you are prest hard, to particularize,
 Then must you cunningly some names devise,

Create some men, in your owne fantasie
Finde each of them a feature, such an eye,
Such beardes, such faces, yea and such a nose,
Then must you finde to every one of those
A dwelling, and profession, but be sure
To place them all farre off, so you're secure,
For ere enquirie can be made, you shall
Be past your tryals danger, and withall
You may have favour, for discovering those,
That never any thiefe did yet disclose;
I laid me to the mercie of my King,
And (freely) I discovered every thing
Concerning my particular; then being urg'd
To name my complices, and so to purge
My conscience freely, I replied agen
Vpon the guilty bloud of other men,
My life, and safety I will never build,
Because I would not to those motions yeild,
I was kept close, and prest too't day by day,
I saw there was no longer saying nay,
My Storie therefore I began to tell,
And nam'd those men that I knew very well
Had bin recorded many times before,
To those some fayned names I added more,
As BRABSTON, BOLTON, HVES, (as t'will appeare
By my examinations) but I cleare
All men that beare those names, (if any be)
But heere Gods Iustice may you plainly see,
Each man of those that I had thus conceal'd
Hath since bin taken, and himselfe reveal'd;
Now if you are examin'd, when you fell
To these lewd courses, then you are to tell
That you came up here with a full intent
To goe for service; ere the forces went
(Which you must ready be to name) you had
Spent all your money; here must you looke sad
And fetch a sigh or two, and then confesse
Onely for one supply, this wickednesse.

You

You fell into ; so may you move beliefe,
 Whilst you are thought to be a poore young thiefe
 Lately seduc'd, and hence will pitie grow ;
 Then must you vow you will no more doe so :
 Thus shall you couzen Iustice of her due,
 Quickly get off, and to this course anew.
 Nor must remorse of conscience touch you, for
 Your sacrament relenting doth abhorre ;
 And (entred in) you must resolve to grow
 Old in your Vice, and keepe your contract so,
 For you are sworne to use these courses still,
 And so indeed are married to your ill.
 But be assur'd our Lawes are of that force,
 They will on easie suite grant a divorce.
 Yet you not minding this, doe next agree
 Both of the time, and where the place shall be
 Appointed for a meeting, scarce in this
 (Though in all goodnesse slacke) will any misse.

☞ So being come together, there you lie
 In some odde corner, whence you may discry
 Such booties as shall passe, and then sayes he
 That is the oldest thiefe, be rul'd by me,
 And marke what I shall say, thus must you place
 Your Maskes and Chin-clothes, thus then you your face
 May soone disguise, and what is he can sweare
 Directly and precisely who we were ;
 And that your words may yeeld a differing tone,
 Put in your mouthes each one a pible stone ;
 Now must we chuse a watch-word somewhat common,
 As (*what's a clocke*) for feare lest we should summon
 Their thoughts into suspicion, then be sure
 The word once nam'd, each man to deale secure ;
 We that are strongest at the gripe will seaze,
 Then be assur'd for to observe me these ;
 With your left hand to catch the bridle fast,
 And let the right upon the sword be cast,
 The one prevents escaping, t'other then
 Quells their resistance, let our weaker men

That

That are not thus employ'd cry boldly stand,
And with their Swords and Pistols them command,
Whilst you affright we will perswade, so that
By faire or foule meanes they shall yeeld, that's flat.

☞ Perhaps whilst he is talking yet, one cries
Arme, Arme *Camerades*, yonder comes a prize;
If up the hill you meet, if downe they ride
You follow after, and then side by side
Each having singled out his chosen one,
And the Coast cleare, you joyntly seize upon.
And then in troth 'tis very strange to see
What different qualities in men there be.
You shall have able fellowes, strong, well set
As ere your eyes beheld, when they are met,
And set upon (great Boobies) tremble, quiver,
And cry like Children at the word *Deliver*,
Though to affright them there's no weapon drawne,
Nor money in their purses to be tane.
Such cowards there are many; others then
(That are as Pigmies to these taller men)
Though they are nere so threatned to be shot,
Or to be straight wayes murdered, feare it not,
But fight courageously whilst they have breath,
Not daunted at the present shew of death:
On disadvantages yet being so caught (brought
(Not yeelding though) by you strong thieves are
With their sad fellowes, likewise in the lurch,
Out of the way, where you begin your search:
Then every place about them you so sift,
That 'tis impossible that they should shift
A peny out of sight; and if so be
You find some gold that's quilted privately,
You call them villaines, and dishonest men
For their intended cozenage, happ'ly then
The traveller cries out he is undone,
Because in that all his estate is wonne;
Which moves not, for your consciences are grisse,
You value gaine, and not the poore mans losse,

E

Then

Then chop you Horses most familiarly,
 Exchange you tell them is no roberie.
 And next most desperately you make them sweare,
 That they shall neither follow you, nor reare
 The Countrey with a *Hue and Cry*, so vext,
 Robb'd, rifl'd, destitute, amaz'd, perplext,
 You leave them, and are gone, they know not whether,
 Nor scarce the number, but you went together,
 And that's all they can say, here is poore light
 To those that doe pursue, yet in your flight
 You shew your cowardly feare, each Crow you see
 Seemes like a Constable, and if so be
 A Colt or Calse within the bushes stirre,
 You thinke you are beset, in haste conferre
 One with another how you shall get gone
 From that so emminent destruction;
 Did not I see of late, after a prize,
 A strange confusion on such poore surmaize;
 An Owle which into Sanctuary gat,
 To shunne the ayrie quires wondring at,
 Screen'd in a hollow Tree, so discontent
 Began with fatall whoopes the ayre to rent,
 At which you switch'd a pace, fearing that hollow
 Was of the Countrey, that your flight did follow;
 Thus more afraid then hurt you often are,
 The more the pitie, after ward you share
 And doe devide the spoyle. Here let me shew
 Another piece of *Knavery* that I know,
 You play the double theeves, you cheate, forswear,
 Reserving the best part, from those you dare,
 And curse your selves to Hell 'tis all; for I
 Have found you in your damned perjury.

☞ But makes no matter, whether more or lesse,
 'Tis soone consum'd againe in wickednesse,
 Ill gotten goods can never prosper well,
 Nor can they thrive that have no place to dwell,
 The rolling stone can hardly gather mosse:
 Those that live on, doe alwayes live in losse.

You

You have no trade, no calling, no vocation
Whereby to live, and save; you have relation
To nothing that is good, wastfull expence
Is of your lawlesse gaires the recompence.
Thus to be furnish'd then, is just as though
A man should thatch his dwelling house with Snow,
Which melts, drops, soulders, and consumes away
E'ne in the time of one sun-shining day.
For when to Innes or Tavernes you doe runne
That note your wayes, there are you twice undone.
For well they know their Bills you dare not chide,
If you presume your actions they must hide;
And so to make them rich, you forfeit all
That men may wise, or good, or honest call.
And as you sinn'd in gayning, so are faine
To be in spending cozen'd, not complaine
Although you know't, so thriftlesse is their way
That doe on ruines of their Countrey prey.
I had a treble income, by the meanes
Of such as were my men, and yet my gaires
Scarce countervail'd my charge, yet was I warie,
Not wastfull in expence, but alwayes charie
In that particular, to blind mens eyes,
For feare that thence suspicion might arise;
Yet (notwithstanding all this thrift) I could
Never grow rich by saving, nor yet would
The summe I had, when I was doom'd to dye,
Pay for my buriall, and my Coffin buy.
Whence I conclude, though we goe late to bed,
And rise betimes, and likewise eat the bread
Of carefulnesse, the vantage will be small,
Vnlesse God gives his blessing therewithall,
Which he will never doe to such attempts;
Your wicked and unlawfull course exempts
You from that gracious benefit, and though
You doe subsist a while, God suffers so
To try if that you will reclaimed be,
If not, his heave vengeance shall you see

Out powred in abundance, then too late
 You will repent you, cursing cruell fate
 When 'tis past remedy, the Pots you know
 That over-often to the River goe,
 ☞ At last come broken home. O then forsake
 This life, lest you your Inne the Prison make;
 And here arriv'd, O Heavens! Hell not retaines
 More fuller tortures, torments, woes, and paines,
 Which were enough to punish all offence,
 Though with the forfeit life the Law dispence.
 For here no sooner entred, but you meet
 A thousand wretched soules that loosely fleete
 From place, to place, where sighing is their ayre,
 Their comforts coldnesse, and their food despaire;
 And ever as they see a Keeper come
 They start, as fearing some new martyrdome,
 Whilst the insulting Rascall swels to thinke
 The craven soule should from his power shrinke,
 And standing on the tiptoes of poore pride
 Screwes his ill favour'd face on t'other side;
 As the poore prisoner with a dolefull looke
 Seemes to petition something, (as the Booke
 Of his sad face may tell) the Taylor vild
 His devilish heart is from remorse exild.
 The minutes of your rest (if rest there be
 Within the wals of so much injury)
 Are frighted with your cares, or some rude noyse
 Of senselesse creatures, from whose drunken voice,
 The night is quartred into Earth-quakes sad,
 That you would think ev'n the whole world were mad.
 And you another humorist shall heare,
 Cursing the Starres, the Earth, and all that's neere;
 Another vild, and franticke in his oathes,
 His blasphemies 'gainst God and Angels throwes,
 Cursing his cruell Creditors, and fate
 That makes him begge his food wirhin a grate.
 Perhaps some pray, but if they doe, 'tis so
 As if the good they meant they did not know,

But

But as their wants or customes doe provoke
They, in distraction, doe their Gods invoke,
Who heares as little, for such vowes as those
The best effects of true petitions lose.
Here are you mingled with the various straine
Of fainting need, and every humour vaine,
And must of force endure the idle way
Of those as doe blaspheme, and such as pray
At one selfe instant, here what other ill
Your owne corruption knew not, meeete you still,
And if a little tainted when you came,
Ere you depart y'are all compos'd of shame,
And grow as cunning now in all offence
As hee that tempted mans first Innocence.
Nor is that humour which some parents have,
(Thinking their viler Sonnes they thus may save
From utter ruine, or reclaine from sinne,
If but a prison once they are put in)
To be forgiven; for in saving so
They doe precipitate their overthrow;
The cause is easie, for examples ill
Purgenot, but doe adulterate the will,
Too prone to giddie folly. And beside
They that injoy the ayre and region wide,
When from a kinsman or a friend confin'd,
They have a Message, or a Letter sign'd,
As if they had him sacrific'd to hell,
Nor know him, nor the place where he doth dwell,
Or if they call his mention from the dead,
It is as faint as of those buried;
So that the living deaths of Prisoners bee
The feeling'st Monuments of miserie,
But these are but the Interludes to those
Sad Tragedies writ in your overthrowes,
And as the quickest passage in your Scene,
To your Catastrophes, so slight, so meane,
That he that sees your ends, may truly say,
The Prison was the best of all your play,

For there your fatall lodging, and sad roome,
 Presenting to you your accursed doome,
 May well instruct you, that abuse of aire
 Hath brought you to this chamber of despaire,
 Where when the tell-tale Sunne through crannies spies
 Your day-bard carkasse, lock'd in miseries,
 It snatches his free beames from your dull sight,
 As who should say, you had abus'd his light,
 By doing that it was asham'd to see,
 And therefore darknesse must your portion bee.
 The night, which you can scarce distinguish then,
 (Whilst your sad thoughts your errors may condemne)
 In stead of sleepe should with a thousand feares,
 Sound your wak'd conscience larums in your eares,
 Unfold your guilt, and crowne your watchfull eyes
 Not with a dreame, but sense of Miseries,
 Then death, which, or you feare not or despise
 Must coldly in your apprehensions rise,
 And teach you truly what it is to dye,
 Not natures, but the sonnes of infamie.

☞ But such considerations have long since,
 With your worst thoughts, a cruell difference.
 For you beleeve you had deserv'd to bee
 Admir'd, not scorn'd, for your past villany,
 And that the actions you have done are such
 As pace with honour, can endure the touch
 Of cruel'st censure, whilst you fondly deeme
 That men you brave, and valiant doe esteeme,
 And so are bound with your ills to connive,
 And in despite of Law keepe you alive :
 So from the Gaole unto the halter goe
 Carelesse of now or after overthrow.
 Base usurpation, and conceits as vaine
 As are your lives, expenses, and your gaine.
 For good and brave men censure right your sinne,
 And pittie you, and the course you are in,
 Rather in common Plerie, then that
 Your vild deafarings should be wondred at.

And

And since you are discovered thus by me,
If by mistake before a man might be
So cheated with your boastings, and loud talke,
Because he never knew the tracke you walke
With your disguises, now his judgement may
Be altered, better'd, or quite throwne away,
When all your fained worths appeare to be
But faint protectors of your infamie,
Disabled in the poore things you commit,
Which neither are for worth, nor valour fit.

☞ Your ends besides (if nothing else) might draw
You into feare to breake the rigorous Law;
Vnhappy he that hangs upon a tree,
The wretched guerdon of impietie.
Nor dies the shame with him that suffers so,
His family in such an overthrow
Participate and share, whose innocence
Are dy'd in scandall, but for his offence.
And the whole stocke, above an age in time,
Is blasted for this debt he pay'd his crime.
And yet these senselesse Captives who inherit
This way of dying by their owne demerit,
Laugh at this judgement, call it a fine thing,
Thus to be pull'd to heaven in a string,
And that the Appoplex, Flegmes and Catarrh,
More cruell to the soules of Christians are
Then hanging, for these passions take men hence,
Ere they can thinke of dying, or have sense
Of their repentance, being snatcht away
Scarce with so poore a warning, as to pray.
But these have Sermons, Prayer, Sacrament,
Psalmes, and all wayes to bring them to repent,
And a great audience of the people by,
For whose faire warning th'are content to die;
And thus their strong deluder drawes them on
To laugh at, and deserve destruction.
What should be their example and affright them,
Doth rather please, rejoyce, content, delight them.

☞ But

But you fond men it may be doe suppose,
 Because I scap'd, that you shall never lose
 Your forfeit lives, I wish the grace I found,
 May not to any of your harmes redound,
 I meane to your encouragement, you know,
 Out of particulars no generalls grow:
 One Swallow makes no Summer, though *Noye's* flood
 Once overwhelmed all the living brood
 That strove against the streame, topping the ranks
 Of the great Mountaines, and the lesser Bankes,
 With every *Crawling* creature (not one mist,
 Though they *Lent* all their powers to resist)
 Yet God hath promised (we have understood)
 He will not send us such another flood.
 Things seldome are not usuall; besides strong
 The reasons are, that did my life prolong:
 You must conclude, that had the time not bin
 The Iubily of mercie, when my sinne
 Was call'd in question; I had Presideat
 Bin, not in writing, but in punishment:
 For that great power by whom we govern'd are,
 To limit my ill-courses (strain'd so farre)
 Thus tooke me from my sinne, and did contrive,
 How by strange meanes I should be kept alive:
 For know, just at that instant when the joyes
 Of great men, good men, old men, young men, boyes,
 Had but one object, like the heavenly spheres,
 Whose harmony, one note, one burthen beares;
 Then when each face did like a Bridegroom smile,
 And one entire contentment crown'd this Ile,
 The Birds, the Beasts, the men, and every thing
 Presenting their glad *Aves* to their King,
 Who like a Sunne new-risen on the earth,
 Disdaines to view a corner where's not mirth,
 So threw a beame on me, whose lucklesse fate
 Was then midst all this joy disconsolate;
 Then was my apprehension, even just then
 As if my faules distinguish'd me from men

Then

That were ordain'd for joy, or mine offence
Deni'd my share in blisse of Innocence.
Yet this preserv'd me; *Barabbas* must be
At the great Feast from death and bondage free;
It was no favour to the man, or crime,
That sav'd his life, his blessing was the time;
Nor could my glorious Sunne, that Rose so faire,
With blood infect or cloud the laughing ayre,
Or die the Crimson of his Morne with red
Of Malefactors blood (so early shed)
His beauty is his owne, nor would he shine
At first in Iustice, though 'tis cal'd divine:
Hence grew the Mercie, that my joy so might
Be in respect of all mens tripartite.
For besides this I had an Advocate,
Whose vertue could the hardest penetrate,
And make compassion easie, for her smile
Could the sad browes of sternesse reconcile;
Her sweetnesse can the angry Ocean calme,
And turne the Aspe his poyson into Balme,
And stay the thunders heavie hand, just then
When it is threatening ruine to all men;
The tiger of her young-ones robd would stay
But at her presence, and forbear her prey;
The angriest things must at her sight appeare
As smooth as August, or the springing yeare;
She the rich partner of his royall bed,
Who weares a triple crowne upon his head,
Embrac'd him, cald him Lord, and at that word,
Who could deny a pardon to afford.
She ask'd, he gave, and my deare fate in this
Got my free pardon, she a bounteous kisse.
So sweetly seal'd was my remisse from death,
So ratified by this to royall breath.
Presume not yet on this, occasion so
Will not her liberall aide to all bestow;
One thiefe was sav'd, that no man should despaire,
But one, so that presumptions forfeit are:

F

He

He with his Saviour died, blest time for him,
 Who else had found no pardon for his sinne :
 I in my Sovereignes glory was to die,
 And that time set my life at liberty.
 Note the occasions strange that set us free,
 Me from this death, him to eternity.
 My Prince's crowning, his Redeemers death,
 Assur'd his soule, and did restore my breath.
 But every day is not Coronation ; Nor
 Did many suffer with our Saviour.
 And mercy at such times as these extended,
 To Iudgements turne, if grace be twice offended.
 And now you thinke me happy being free
 From death and shame by this benignity :
 But if you doe a little backe reflect
 On the recharges of my foes, th'aspect
 Of this Sun-shining day you cloudy find,
 And much foule weather in my fate behind :
 For now, as I have seene a tired Hare
 Of his owne switnesse in a faint despaire,
 After whose fearefull feet, the yelping cry,
 Of the whole kennell, follow eagerly.
 Which spi'de, some Huntsman or some Shepherd neere,
 Secing the weary *Was* halfe dead with feare,
 In the Pursuers sight, in his safe armes
 Folds the poore creature from their cruell harmes ;
 'Bout whom the angry chafers leape and bay,
 Assaulting him that keepes them from their prey ;
 And with their fearefull noyses fright it more,
 Then the poore beast was in pursuit before :
 Even just thus is my poore life pursu'de,
 Whi st I thought danger past, it was renew'd,
 For first they followed with much speed and cry,
 After poore me (that fled but easily)
 And when the King of Forrests and of Chafes
 Thus found me destitute, before their faces,
 (Ready to be devour'd) snatch'd me away
 Iust then, as they were seizing on the prey,

And

And in his royall armes of grace embrac'd
My panting life, before so hotly chac'd,
And yet behold my Adversaries rore
With lowder exclamations then before;
And would with horrid clamours him constraîne,
What he preserv'd, thus to destroy againe:
Appeales and Caveats, and such things they bring,
To force me from the bosome of my King;
On which divinest altar whilst I hold,
I cannot be unto their furies sold.
And yet the rarest eloquence in Law,
That I could to my causes handling draw,
I was enforc'd to crave; so strongly they
Did although pardon'd 'gainst my life invay.
Here I a new must muster up my friends,
Wearied before; to crosse their bloody ends.
Make their endeavours such to save me now,
As if the King no pardon did allow:
Thus though my life they cannot take, you see
They make me weary of't by troubling me:
Thus a Delinquent must of force endure,
He knowes not, when he's freed, nor when secure.
Behold, the Map of your proceeding here,
A Glasse in which to life, there doth appeare
The forme of all your actions; which I know
Are uglier yet in substance then in show.
As they are vild, your aimes are worse, your ends
As bad againe, yet these your hope transcends:
For both in ill designs, it leads you on,
And will most faile, when most you trust upon.
Now then if that you are not quite bereft
Of likelihoods for grace, if there be left
Roome but for one good thought, if unto siane
You have not sold your selves out-right, let in
This motion I shall make, behold your fact,
Summon your guilty conscience, which is rackt,
And gladly would speake truth, that it might gaine
Ease to her selfe in her ensuing paine;

She would account, and be discharg'd, thereby
 The worme a breeding would soone live, soone dye,
 A hideous horrid sight it must needs be,
 When in their ugly shapes, you chance to see
 Your monstrous finnes appeare; yet happy men
 You cannot ever be at all till then,
 No nor then neither, if it be too late,
 'Tis some mens cursed and unhappy fate,
 That they can ne're be touch'd at heart untill
 The damned bed-roll of their finnes o're-fill
 Their guilty conscience, in stead of prayer
 In vaine as they conceive, they then despaire,
 Not able to appeale to Christ his passion,
 They greedily lay hold on their damnation.
 If not the feare of this your temporall death,
 Let the eternall move, the one's but breath,
 The other endlesse, ever-living paine,
 Ere it be done, it still begins againe;
 Pitty your silly soules, that else must fry
 In burning lakes of Brimstone, never dye;
 Where worse then *Egypt's* darkenesse hems you in,
 With severall tortures for each ugly sinne;
 Where howles, and hollow groans the coapes-mates be
 To this eternall night of misery; (come
 Where frosts, fires, drownings, sulphur, choakings,
 Encreasing still, ne're ending; here's your doome;
 And these the torments that prepared are,
 Of which (vild men) you must expect your share.
 If you will still persist, and not give o're,
 'Tis then in vaine for to perswade you more.
 Ile cease my faire meanes therefore, and will try
 If I can fright you with an *Hue and Cry*.
 Here I would name both you, and your abbe,
 But that you vary those on every rode:
 Yo'are *East*, now *West*, and next *North-Country* men,
 And then your names as oft you change againe.
 Thus to informe then, were to put in doubt,
 Not to give light to men to find you out.

You

You in another kind I will describe,
That every man shall know you as you ride,
Or to avoid you how, or his purse lost,
I teach him a true rule, how he shall coast
And dog you as you ride, how to be sure
To take you, when you thinke your selves secure.
There are some certaine people (who roare well)
That in their drunken cups are apt to tell
Strange stories what they did, and meane to doe,
(And they intend you should beleeeve them too)
That thre of them well hors'd, assaulted ten,
And robb'd them all, stout, able, monied men;
Then will they name a summe (as large) they got,
Heere if you pause, that you may doubt it not,
They will blaspheme amaine, that you were better
Seeme to beleeeve, and let them rest your debtor,
For what they now would otherwise have sworne:
Why are you with these idle fancies borne?
VVhat honour is it, but a foule disgrace,
A great disfiguring to a spotlesse race,
A vild, a base, a most unworthy fact,
A poore, dishonest, yea a cowardly act?
What have you here to boast of then, but shame?
You that are greedie of this guilt, and fame,
VVould you had mine to share amongst you, though
I doe beleeeve you ne're durst act it so:
The still Sow eates the draugh, the barking Dogg,
For all his seeming fury, needs no clogg;
Is it discretion if you had done so,
To glory in your ill, and boast on't too?
You undertake (forsooth) to give the *Word*,
VVhich shall protect men better than their sword;
As for example, *Rouud-de-la-vera-Hay*,
The Moone shines bright, or else, *Ware's Post away*:
These are meere fopp'ries, we did often take
Some such quaint sayings, for our safeties sake;
As when we met a friend we would not seize,
Or saw more company, discovering these,

VVe had our private Items, to forbear,
 VVhilst honest travailours though they did heare,
 Suspected nothing; yet by canting so,
 VVe knew on all occasions what to doe;
 But to beleewe that such like whinsies would
 Make us let slip our prize, or that we could
 By any words, though ne're so faire, be drawne
 To render backe the money we had tane,
 Is a conceit as vaine, as they are base
 VVho tell these stories with a brazen face:
 Then give them leave to talke, and observe you
 My better cautions, which you shall find true.
 ¶ Because I liv'd by spoyle of Passengers,
 Thus will I recompense them; this worke's theirs,
 Meant for their good, the guerdon for my gaine,
 Is to advise how they may not sustaine
 A farther losse; come be you rul'd by me,
 And well observe, these your instructions be:
 VVhen as you carry charge, let no man know,
 Nor of your money, nor yet when you goe.
 You have an humour when you are to ride,
 Your Neighbours, Kintmen, or your friends you bid
 To sup, or breake their fasts, onely to drinke
 Healths to your good returne; you little thinke
 There's any harme in this, yet I have knowne
 A Father thus betray'd by his owne Sonne,
 A Brother by a Brother, and a friend
 Most deare in outward shew, to condescend,
 And lay the plot with theeves, bid them prepare,
 Such a prize comes, whereof he takes a share,
 Whilst, but for him they never had bin met.
 Another kind of men there is, that set,
 Ten times more dangerous, you often choose
 Some one to guard you, for feare you should loose
 Your money by the way, you doe relie
 Both on his valour, and his honestie.
 Now as you ride together, if he see
 You light on any other companie,

Rec

He rounds you in the eare (as if he tooke
 The greatest care) and sayes that yen mans looke
 He likes not; you perswaded, slacke your pace,
 So that alone he brings you to the place
 VVhere his confederates lie, and then surpriz'd
 (As 'twas by him and them before devis'd)
 They hacke, and hew against each others sword,
 Till threatned to be *shot*, you give the word,
 And bid him yeeld, (which he seemes loth to doe)
 Nay more, he is inform'd which way they goe,
 And as you follow with an *Hue and Cry*,
 He will be sure to leade you quite awry.
 If any man amongst them you suspect,
 Or by his speech, or by his eyes reflect,
 (Being otherwise disguis'd) if you hit right,
 Shaking his head, as in an owfull plight,
 He will crie sadly no, it is not he,
 I the proportion of his face did see,
 For in the scuffle off his vizard fell;
 And in the interim, I view'd him well.
 Thus often are we most abus'd by those
 In whom we doe most confidence repose.

☞ Oft in your Clothiers and your Grasers Inne,
 You shall have Chamberlaines, that there have bin
 Plac'd purposely by theeves, or else consenting
 By their large bribes, and by their often tempting,
 That marke your purses drawne, and give a guesse
 VVhat's there, within a little more or lesse;
 Then wil they gripe your cloak-bags, feele their weight.
 There's likewise in mine Host sometimes deceit,
 If it be left in charge with him all night,
 Vnto his roaring Guests he gives a light,
 (Who spends full thrice as much in wine and beere,
 As you in those, and all your other cheere.)
 These inconveniences doe oft arise
 For want of heed, and care, be therefore wise.
 ☞ Forbeare to ride up on the Sabbath day,
 In which God sayes, *Remember*, rest, and pray,

As we our servants oftentimes command,
 VWhen many businesses they take in hand,
 That chiefly one by no meanes they forget
 Above the rest; just thus much in effect
 Imports the word *Remember*; though our law
 Be not of force enough to keepe in awe
 The Sabbath-breaker, yet God in the way
 Oft meets with him, and gives him as a prey
 To high-way theeves: that day they rather chuse
 Than any other, fittest for their use,
 For then the Roads are quiet, and they know
 None ride but those have great affaires to doe,
 Which to effect, 'tis thought, they have about them
 Great store of Coyne, and this makes theeves misdoubt
 And as the Cut-purse is in prime of play, (them.
 VWhen men at Church doe most devoutly pray,
 So are the high-way Cutters; for the *Deuill*
 Is not content to tempt them to doe evill;
 But teaches them presumption in the Act,
 VWhich well he knowes doth aggravate the fact.
 Lastly, if you are robb'd on that high day,
 It is not fit that then the Countrey pay
 Your money backe againe, that remedy
 The Iudge in conscience will to you deny;
 VWhat reason is it men shoul^d leave to pray,
 To wayt upon your theeves that run away?
 No, ride at lawfull times, and you shall meet
 Store of good company for you to keepe.

☞ Associate though with none, unlesse with those
 That you find rather willing for to lose,
 Than have your company; for they that still
 Presse to be neere you, though against your will,
 Are somewhat dangerous; but I will show,
 How you shall find if they be theeves, or no;
 Take but occasion for to make some stay,
 Then marke, if that they keepe not on their way,
 But slacke their pace, or else alight and goe;
 Or if perchance they doe refuse to doe

As

As I have said, just then, before your face,
I follow some halfe houre after, a slow pace;
If so you overtake them, then take heed,
For that's the very trick of theeves indeed.
Next of a theefe, the usuall markes be these,
(Which as you ride you may observe with ease)
They Muffle with their cloakes, or else their coate
Hides all their clothes, that so you may not note
What suites they have, a Handkercher they weare
About their neckes, or Cipresse, which they reare
Over their mouthes, and noses, with their hand,
Just at the time when as they bid you stand:
Perhaps since here I have discovered this,
They will now leave them off, that you may misse
Your observation, be you therefore sure
As soone as they come riding somewhat neere
To gaze full at their faces, you shall see
Them turne their heads away, as if so be
They had spide something on the tother side;
Which if they doe, then keepe your distance wide:
But now they will not may be, yet may you
Have by these meanes a full and perfect view,
And know them when you see them next, or whether
Their great bush beard and face agree together.
This above all I wish you for your good,
By any meanes shun him that weares a hood,
Beware of them that whisper, and those men
That are inquisitive, for surely then
They but examine you that they may know
By circumstance whe'r you have coyne or no.
☞ You and your friend perchance do ride together,
Your company's increased by another,
A seeming honest man, and you are glad,
Where's two to one suspicion none is had.
You call him fellow-travellour, and he
Rejoyces in your honest company;
About some two miles riding there o're-takes
Some three of his companions, then he shakes,

G

Trem-

Trembles, and quivers, and seemes fore afraid,
 And cries, directly friends wee are way-laid;
 If you have charge about you let me know,
 That I may cocke my Pistoll as I goe;
 By those or such like words he will soone find
 Whether, or no, your purse be richly lin'd,
 And whilst you thought there had bin three to three,
 Your *Indus* is on t'other side you see.
 When there is set a certaine prize indeed;
 Then out of policie it is agreed
 That one amongst them, who can act it right;
 Shall be appareld like a Countrey wighr,
 Cloathed in russet, or a leatherne slop,
 Which roubles of rotten hay shall underprop,
 Meeting his hobnaild shoes halfe way the legg;
 His waistcote buckled with a hathorne pegg;
 His steeple felt, with greasie brims, inch broad,
 Shall totter on his noddle, then a goade
 Serves for his riding rod, thus fitly clad,
 And with a clownish posture, (all as mad)
 Mounted a side upon a wad of straw,
 He rides up cheeke by jole, can this man draw
 Suspicion to your thoughts? what can you feare?
 You will begin to chat, you love to heare
 His fillie answers, and his countrey phraze;
 He with his fained fillinesse shall raise
 Much mirth and laughter, briefly he begins
 To whistle *Robin Hood*, or else he sings
 Some countrey catch, you like that humour too,
 You know your Countrey Clownes doe use to doo
 The like at Plow and Cart, but that begun,
 Immediately upon you will he run,
 And seize you unawares, then in come they
 Who rode a distance from you on the way,
 Presuming that your charge might make you feare,
 And not to suffer them to come so neere.
 ☞ Had you not need be wary, judge I pray?
 Let me perswade you, doe not ride by day.

With

With any summe you are afraid to lose,
But in the night, yet then take heed of these
Base Padding Rascalls, for their *kill calfe* law
I am not privie to; I never saw
Them, nor their actions, then I cannot show
How to prevent the thing I doe not know.
But thus much I assure you, you are free
From any Horsemen you shall meet, or see,
For they beleeve that none will ride at night,
But onely those whose purses are too light,
And hardly worth the taking; next they must
Keepe lawfull howers, for feare they through mistrust
Be apprehended, that's their chiefeest care;
And then againe I know they hardly dare
Adventure in the darke, for they can spy
Neither advantage, opportunitee,
Nor whether you have Pi.olls, nor yet know
Whether that you be likely man or no;
And you have time y^eur money to convey,
And much more benefit by night, then day.
But since God hath ordain'd this to me to rest,
And not to travaile in, I doe my best
So to advise you that you shall be sure
What time so e're you ride, to be secure.

☞ This is a generall rule, and observation,
Your high-way theeves doe alwayes keepe their station
Vpon your greatest roades, that out of those
That doe passe by, they may both picke and choose;
And so they cull the likeliest out of many:
But on your petty By-roads, where scarce any
Are wont to travell, they ne're use to be,
You may be safe from any jeopardy
If here you coast, which I advise you to,
Rather then on your great high roades to goe.

☞ You have an idle custome when you ride
By any dangerous place, then side by side
You bustle up together close; but know,
You worke by this meanes your owne overthrow:

Here I advise which way you're to ride,
 A Butts length distance at the least divide
 Your selves from one another, so keepe on,
 For I assure you they ne're set upon
 A scattered troops, for feare of somes escaping,
 Which may endanger their immediate taking :
 Besides, their company they doe divide,
 And set at severall stands, and should you ride
 All in a cluster, they will fallie out
 Before, behind, and compass you about.
 Now if that following, they attempt, you spy
 Their drift and resolution p. sently,
 And very fitly have faire time to shun
 The thing intended, ere it be begun :
 For as you ride at distance thus, if they
 Begin to part themselves upon the way,
 And ayme at like divisions, every one
 Creeping neere him he meanes to set upon,
 You have faire warning here, make use of that,
 And gaine from them the vantage aymed at :
 But sure they will not doe, but all together,
 That they may be at hand with one another,
 To helpe where there's occasion, say they should
 Adventure desperately, they never could
 Bring you together, nor aside the way,
 Without much trouble, and a greater stay ;
 And peradventure, ere halfe this be done,
 Vnto your rescue there are others come.
 Now I conjure you that ride by the while,
 Let neither threats nor faire words you beguile
 Nor yet dissuade, from yeelding your reliefe
 To those you find in action with the thiefe :
 I doe remember I have often beene
 Thus wickedly imploy'd, whilst I have scene
 Some others riding in to this our fray,
 I onely wish'd them to keepe on their way,
 With such perswasions I found fitted best
 With their amaze, to fairely thus distrest

And :

And to our mercies, they have left those men,
That very eas'ly might have rescued beene.

☞ Now thus much for prevention, here you see
From point to point, a plaine discovery
Of the theeves pollicie, I shew'd you how
You may avoid it, let me tell you now
What you have next to doe ; If you spy
(As you may guesse by my discovery)
That there are theeves amongst you, doe not gaze
On this, and tother side, nor in amaze
Affrighted stand, as if your onely hope
Were some to rescue you, that will provoke
And not dishearten them, then mind it not,
But be as though all feare you had forgot,
And looke as big as they, and if they proffer
Be sure to draw, as soone as they make offer :
Remember then the cause you have in hand,
Your reputation, and your money stand
At gage in this, and if you dare not fight,
It grieves me much to doe you thus much right.
They (if they find you resolute and stout)
Dare even as well be hang'd, as fight it out,
Not out of cowardize, but that they know
To their discomforts, that in fighting so
They strive against a Countrey, Justice, Law,
Right, equitie, and these keepe them in awe ;
I speake it by experience, I have seene
As bold, and daring spirits, as have beene
In any men this day alive, yea such
As never thought a lawfull danger much,
That durst adventure in an honest cause,
Within the fullest gripe, and greediest pawes
Of death and danger, such as durst have gone
Vp to the Canons mouth, undaunted one
Such have I seene, at this unlawfull fact,
Tremble, affrighted, in the very act
With true remorse of conscience toucht, to see
What basenesse was in hand, what jeopardy

Their lives and honours were both subject too,
 They that amongst them all the boldest doe,
 Endeavour most how they may bugbeares seeme;
 And who are robb'd, but those that doe esteeme
 Their threats? unlesse you yeeld without delay,
 We shoot you thorow, they perhaps may say:
 But who thus threatned yet resisting still
 Can say unto me that he fared ill?
 Some though are somewhat resolutely bent,
 'Tis true, yet is it farre from their intent
 To shed your blood, for they in doing so,
 Should worke their owne immediate overthrow,
 They could not then subliste, for though they passe,
 Sought after slightly for the monies losse,
 Should they take life and all, they could not ride
 To any place where they might safely bide,
 But through continuall search they would be found,
 And then pay dearly for each bloody wound.
 This the event would be, which they well know,
 Rather then hurt you, they will let you goe,
 And stay a while untill they meet with some
 Which their faire words, or threats will overcome.
 Besides, the right is of your side, and though
 You are o'r-march'd, God may enable you so,
 Those Caitifes may be vanquish'd by your hand;
 Then what good service you shall doe your Land,
 Your Prince, and Common-wealth, you may suppose,
 Even in the act by apprehending those
 Who live upon the spoile, then hold them play
 And yours shall be the honour of the day.

But 'tis a fault of yours, you doe consent
 And yeeld too patiently, you are content
 Not onely to be rob'd, but let them goe,
 And basely wish they may escape, that so
 The Countrey may be liable, for why
 If they not raken be with *Hue and Cry*,
 You must have all restor'd, and what care you.
 One thing more I will tell you, which is true,

You

You often double and misname the summe,
You know the *hundred* willing is to come
To composition with you, if they doe,
You coulen both the theeves and Countrey too;
And when you tell the story, then although
You were rob'd fairely, and but two to two,
You say they were five, sixe, or at least fower,
And that you fought it out above an hower;
And then you cut and slash your harmeleffe cloaths,
And say that in the fight 'twas done by those
That tooke your money, which God knowes you gave
Without resistance, ere they scarce did crave.
Doe no more so, nor strive that men may deeme
You valiant, for it is a poore esteeme
To be accounted, if you be not so;
And they have farre a harder taske to doe,
To keepe opinion, falsly undergone,
Then those have none, for to atchieve to one.
Be what your Images doe represent,
Men nobly spirited, 'twas God's intent
When he created you, not much unlike
His Image, most divine, that you should fight
In a just cause, because he is all just,
And herein failing you betray God's trust,
Neglect your dutie, and doe animate,
Not curbe the wild ones, that doe perpetrate.

☞ But now suppose through negligence you fall
Into their clutches, and surpris'd withall
You are unthought of, 'tis no fault of mine,
You might have taken better heed in time.
Thus yet I will advise you, if you see
That you must yeeld, and over-mastred be,
Strive not at all, but give the fairest words
Your best invention and your wit affords:
Wish that you had more monies, and withall
Deliver some, and so perhaps you shall
By searching of your selves, and freeness too,
Without a further reexamining goe.

But:

But if they make an offer, doe not you
 Seeme to dislike what they doe meane to doe :
 Then will they sift you soundly, doe not hold
 Your hand upon your money, they are told
 Thus where it is, and surely they will guesse
 They have not all by your owne fearefulnessse.
 I have observed many times, when I
 Had tane such money, as did satisfie,
 Out of the pocket, having no intent
 To make a further search, but onely meant
 To lead the Passenger aside the way,
 (Because I knew what danger 'twas to stay)
 Fastning my clutches on his arme, or thigh,
 With a sad looke, he would begin to cry
 He was undone, if I tooke what was there,
 Thinking I felt (because my hand was neere)
 His greater summe, which I by that should find
 Hid in his sleeve, or in his shirt behind.
 But now then, if they find not such a summe
 As was expected, they will bid you come,
 Into some corner, then protest, and sweare,
 If patiently a while you will sit there,
 You shall have all restor'd, that they mistooke,
 You like are, but not those, for whom they looke,
 On these fond hopes you rest, untill that they
 Have watch'd their time, and seiz'd another prey.
 To which you now are accessaries growne.
 But see where are their promises become?
 (Nor meant they otherwise) those rifled too
 They take their Horses and away they goe,
 And leave you destitute, so with the rest
 To tell the story whether fared best.
 ☞ Yet loose no time, but on with all the speed
 That possible you can, and then take heed,
 It much concerns you, for when they elpie
 That you pursue, the foremost cunningly
 Fals into some by-lane, 'tis undeafide,
 For you suppose they altogether ride,

So whilst you thinke you keepe at distance farre,
Anew amidst them you surpris'd are.
Here's their maine plot, you are forewarn'd, but say
You cannot overtake them, and that they
Have left the road, and you in a great doubt,
So that you know not how to find them out,
Let me direct you, I will instance thus,
Suppose on *Colebrooke* way you lose your purse,
The theeves to *Vxbridge* road, or *Stanes* will ride,
And not to faile, will there all night abide ;
This is the chiefeſt Maxime in their law,
The Subtl'eſt ſurely that I ever ſaw ;
It ſtands by reaſon, for they know full well
None uſe to travell thus, ath'wart to tell
The Paſſages, or to deſcribe the men :
They reſt at pleaſure, and are gone agen,
Ere that the lazy tithing *Hue and Cry*
Comes to enquire, and the authority
Of ſome poore ſilly fellow, who is plac'd
In that meane office, that he may be grac'd
For double diligence, oſt as he goes,
Through wretched wilfulneſſe attaches thoſe
That ne're meant harme, yet being apprehended,
They often loſe their lives, though ne're offended.
But to deale ſafe and ſure, without delay
Scoure you the next great right and left hand way,
And if at night you miſſe, a carefull ſpy
Next day ſhall ſurely ſee them riding by.
Grant now they leave this cuſtome, all their art,
Their wit, invention, never can impart
The like againe, I vow, I doe not ſee
Whither they can betake them to be free ;
But by the way know thus much, if they light
On a great ſumme, then will they ride that night
Vnto their *Rendezvous* here in the Citie,
Which is too ſure a ſhelter, (more's the pittie.)
But follow my advice, and marke me well,
For here a cunning plot of theirs I tell ;

H

If

If you are rob'd out in the Easterne quarter,
 When you with *Hue and Cry* the theeves make after,
 Ride not to *London* in the road you were,
 Nor raise those parts, you will not find them there;
 But hye to *Westminster, Holborne, the Strand,*
 And for a speedy search there give command;
 If Northward they light on you, straightwayes ride,
 And search both *Southwarke, Lambeth, and Banke-side*:
 Thus they doe alwayes plant themselves, for so
 They have the Citie betwixt them and you,
 And ere your search comes at them (by the way
 Which often dies) there's time at will to stay.

☞ I have observ'd (and it is still in use,
 Nor will it ere reforme the vilde abuse
 It hath a levell at) a needlesse care,
 Wherewith all sorts of people troubled are,
 And charged too, when any one hath lost
 His purse to theeves, then at the countries cost
 There is a watch prepar'd to guard that place,
 Where the poore man by them surpris'd was;
 This is like shutting up the stable doore,
 When as the Horse was stolen out before;
 'Tis not to be suppos'd the thiefe will come
 And make a needlesse breach to thanke the Groome
 For feeding of the beast: loe then just so,
 Nor meane the high-way theeves that way to goe
 Where there is wair laid for them, say they should,
 I doe protest here, I did ever hold,
 (And found it by experience) that high-way
 That had a watch upon it, best for pray.
 For first the honest Travellers suppose
 It is impossible that they should lose
 Their money being guarded thus, and hence
 They grew more carelesse, doubting none offence
 Can any wayes betide them; whilst asse
 A thiefe may doe his list, and freely passe,
 The watchmen nere the wiser; for they stand
 Setled at one place by a strict command.

It is indifferent when the thiefe layes hold,
His booty singled out, he will make bold
To seize him any where, all places are
All one alike to him, he will not care
So that the coast be cleare, and then how can
He be distinguish'd from an honest man?
I never past by, but the watchmen gave
Me courteous language, wishing me to have
A speciall care I was not rob'd; whilst I
Was a chiefe actour of that villany.
But now suppose they had examin'd me,
I would have answer'd them so courteously,
That they could not suspect. Now what are they
That are appointed watchmen for the way?
Poore, silly, old, decrepid men, that are
Fitting for nought else but to loyter there;
Have not I seene a dozen such all stand
(With each of them a Holbert in his hand)
Amaz'd, affrighted, and durst never quatch,
Whilst we before their faces all, did catch,
Assaunt, seize, rissle such as did passe by,
When we were gone (perhaps) then would they cry
Theeves, theeves, (to little purpose;) I have knowne
Some that by way of parly, thus have growne
Familiar with the watch, and as they found
A fit occasion, they have r'ane, and bound
The silly fellowes hand and foot, then stood
Like a safe guard, set for the countries good,
With browne bills in their hands, and so made bold
(As with authority) to stop, and hold
All that did come that way: I doe suppose
A watch of Holbarteers were good for those
Foot-padding-night-rheeves, but for these you see
Such care, and trouble, all in vaine will be.
But if you will needs have it so, choose then
Strong, able, stout, and resolute young men;
Arme them with Bow and Arrowes, Muskets, Shot,
And with a Horse or two, that they may not

Be thus abus'd, but if occasion be
 May follow on to purpose; but by me
 And mine instructions here I hope you shall
 Be well secur'd, and need no watch at all.

☞ I thinke it fitting now for me to show
 Vnto the Inne-keeper, how he shall know
 Such guests from other men; my host take heed,
 To winke at such faults, were a fault indeed;
 Respect then rather honesty, then gaine,
 Know well your servants whom you entertaine
 Try them, that you may trust, their helpe in this
 Subtill discovery, most needfull is.
 Your Ostler must observe, and he shall see
 About their Horses they will curious bee;
 They must be strangely drest, as strangely fed
 With Mashcs, Provender, and Christians Bread,
 If this be wondred at, they cannot hold,
 Their goodly qualities they must unfold,
 Crying, they doe deserve it, and that they
 By their good service will their cost repay
 With over-plus, or some words more or lesse,
 By which relation he may shrewdly guesse.
 And then they will be asking, who is he
 That owne that Horse? and whose those Horses be
 That stand beyond him? what their Masters are?
 What kind of men? whither they ride? how farre?
 And when? so by his answers they farmize
 Which of them all will be their likeliest prize.
 Next of their Cloak-baggs let him notice take,
 They onely carry them for fashions sake,
 For they are empty ones, in policie,
 Because their Horses should not laden be.
 Your Chamberlaine shall find, when as they come
 Vsher'd up by him to their lodging roome,
 He shall be sent away; let him give care,
 And not to faile, he shall be sure to heare
 The gingling of their mouey, let him pry
 Behind some secret Cranies privily,

And

And he shall see them share what they have got,
And every one to take what is his lot.
This they by no meanes will deferre, for feare,
Who has the purse should cheat them in the sheare;
This done, they hug each other, next they call
Their ravish'd senses home, and then with all
They knock againe for him, who shall be sheat
For not attending, though enjoyn'd he went.
Now must he draw a cup of curious Sacke,
Then next mine Host your company they lacke;
With farre fetcht complements they will salute
And bid you welcome, marke from their dispute
What you can gather, you may somewhat ghesse
By their mens sawcie peremptorinesse;
For servants when their Masters ills they know,
Cease their obedience, and presumptuous grow.
Enquire apart each ones particular name,
And let your severall servants doe the same,
And you shall find them tripping, they well may
Forget the new names that they tooke that day;
At supper time let some one hastily
Knock at your gate, as with authority,
You shall observe a sodaine fearefull start,
Marke then their lookes (the Index of the heart)
And you shall find them troubled, looke you sad,
And aske if yonder Constable be mad?
Bid them say quickly, what their danger is,
Then promise no authority of his
Shall enter there, if they command it so,
By this, into their private thoughts you goe;
They will confesse for succour, needs no more,
'Tis evident what you but thought before,
But say hereafter they should carelesse grow,
Then are they taken with the lesse adoe.
Now say they come about the noone of day,
You shall well know them, by their needlesse stay,
Their carelesnesse of time, for they but bair,
That they might stand at gaze, and sitly wait

For honest passengers, when they have spide
A likely monied booty by them ride,
Then will they busle, and make haste away
With farre more speed then tedious was their stay,
And cry you rides their Vncle, or their friend
With whom some earnest busines they pretend.
When in an Inne, they must all night abide,
They cunningly somotimes themselves deuide,
And come as severall companies, thereby
To crosse the number in the *Hue and Cry*.
Besides thus parted, they are sure to know
If otherwise then well the squares should goe;
They of each other will no notice take,
Of you (mine Host) they will enquire make
What their companions are, what Countrey-men,
Whether you know them yea or no, and then
If they can find you have a jealousie,
Shrewdly suspecting either company,
Having discovered your opinion,
With all convenient speed they will get gone;
But if you doe (as well you may) mistake them,
And that for honest travellers you take them,
They (as by chance) will in your kitchen meet,
And as meere strangers one another greet,
There will they drinke together, ere they goe
From thence, so loving and so kind they grow
That they will sup together, marke them well,
And you their cunning knavery shall finell,
Still strangers to each other will they be,
Whilst any of your house are there to see,
But see, and be not seene, and you shall find
Them all familiar in another kind;
They will embrace, rejoyce, laugh at their plot,
And at mine Host that he suspects it not.
The fairest Innes they usually frequent,
Out of a wary-politicke intent,
Presuming, for disparaging the man
They will not search his house, and there they can

Rest

Rest unmolested, but since this you know,
Let not the subtil chiefe escape you so.

☞ Ioe here I have unclasp'd this obscure booke,
And full Quotations on those secrets tooke,
That the plaine eye of judging reason may
Discover such abuses of the way;

And as 'tis said, that true repeaters must
Their secret sinnes, and all ill from them thrust,
Left the vild tainture of one crime behind
Contaminate againe the sinfull mind,

Thus have I left no nooke, no cranny small,
(Which men may cunning or pernicious call)

0 Vnopened here, before the curious day,
As cleare and plaine as is the Champion way,
No act, or use which thieves discover might,
No art, to make the honest know them right;
Left by retayning ought, it might be deemd,
My true recanting is not what it seem'd.

But marke my cautions well, and you will know
That these way-riflers must some new way goe,
Imagination, or their practice yet

Could never reach to, or before you set
Prevention of their worst assaults, their drifts
In their attempts, and their best scaping shifts.

Nor can I feare, but since so freely I
Have here dissected such impiety,
Anatomizing every hidden Nerve,
That for the strength of such occasion serve,

The charitable world will hence allow,
That I those men and actions disavow
I make so plaine and hatefull, nor againe
Will I my honour in those puddles staine,

Nor can it be suppos'd by envie, that
Any relapse of mine be aimed at;

For mine owne writ, must then in judgement stand,
And signe me unto death, mine owne false hand,
The Iury, and the Iudge, in Evidence,
Shall no enquirie need for mine offence;

This

This booke alone against all pities plea,
 Turnes all excuse into Apostrophe,
 Whilst dumbe as death, with double shame I must
 'Count both my ruine, and my sentence just.
 Now let detraacting cenſure, pawle, and ſtay,
 And turne their rankrous ſpleenes another way,
 And know that now in Cenſure, they doe more
 Then I have done in all the reſt before,
 When my determin'd Innocence ſhall be
 A Iudge ſevere againſt their cruelty.

☞ And ſuch whoſe moſt unneceſſary eye,
 Into forbidden acts of others pry,
 And when the man they curiouſly have read,
 Muſt then attempt the ſecrets of his bed,
 To poyſon all his bleſſings, nicely draw
 The Curtaines, whoſe concealings no man ſaw
 Without a Rude intruding, for the bed
 Of lawfull couples being injured
 By baſe detractions, leads that troubled ſenſe
 Into the fulleſt foulneſſe of offence;
 And ſo my pillowes partner, to whoſe truth
 I owe the beſt reforming of my youth,
 As if ſhe muſt be ſharer of my wrongs,
 Though ne're arraign'd, was yet condemn'd by tongues,
 As if of force becauſe ſhee's mine, ſhe muſt
 (In ſpight of all her vertue) be unjuſt;
 But I imagine rather this ſurmize,
 Doth from the common ground of ill ariſe,
 Or from that Envie Sathan left behind,
 When he infected our firſt mothers mind:
 Shew me the man, whoſe tendreſt, deareſt love,
 And whoſe affection in a ſtraine doth move
 Beyond community, unto his wife,
 Who but in her, has neither ſoule, nor life,
 And give me reaſons, why his ſhould transcend
 The debt I owe to mine unequall friend,
 Then will I yeeld mine, dotage: his love rare,
 And thus our obligations I compare.

Fiſt

First unto you, whose marriages intent,
Have to the fortune of your choise extent
More then the person, or those faire deserts,
Which make the blessed'st contracts of the hearts,
And love the purchase more of her estate
Then her perfections, you ne're level'd at :
You who were never caught with darting eyes,
Whose best affections in her treasure lies,
And never had your soules with love refin'd,
Perverting the true use of either kind,
Can yet in this your portions dotage, not
Exceed the Income, I by mine have got.
For when I was adjudg'd, and doom'd to dye,
She onely by strange importunity
Melted the hearts of all resolv'd against me,
VWho pittying her, set my lifes danger free,
In this my life, my fortune, and my all,
I may her portion, and her blessing call.
And last for other tyes, which doe oblige
Such as to loves faire fortresses lay sledge,
The sympathizing liking, and those parts
Of loves religion, which locks lovers hearts,
Was throwne on me, and these who can disprove,
Must either have no heart, or know no love :
In pittie then, to *Citharea's Shrine*,
All you that sacrifice your thoughts divine,
Since we are pleas'd, let none our peace molest,
Nor breake the union of so sweet a rest,
With nice enquirie after things, you must
Confesse you have no busines with, that's just,
And we shall be, if you but leave us so,
More happy, then 'tis fit for you to know.

☞ Yet for my selfe, beleeve I have the sense
Of mine owne youths abusing, and offence,
VWhich I have wrought against the Common-weale,
VWhose wounds by this relation I may heale,
If my advice be follow'd, you will see
The soule unlac'd of high-way subtilty :

I

That

That who shall suffer now, in such offence,
Has none to blame, but his owne negligence.
I doe (besides) my precious youth lament,
My repaire's forfeit, honours lavishment,
The deare mispences of my fairest time,
Converting all my blessings into crime,
My wit, my judgement, strength, courage, and all
Vnto my Countries mischief, mine owne fall.
Nor doe I thinke it halfe enough that I
Barely confesse mine owne impiety,
And talking onely to the people shew
Those guilts, perhaps before I speake, they know;
Or with a superficiall glosse thus seeme
To flatter men into a faire esteeme
Of my best promis'd actions, whose event
Might prove the speakers of a worse intent;
No, naked as first *Adams* Innocence,
I stript the deform'd shape of mine offence,
Dislodging from my heart that banisht spirit,
That can no dwelling there againe inherit,
And on just cause divorc'd from such a bride,
Can hardly now its memory abide:
Me thinks thus purg'd, I hate the very roome,
Which that vild Inmates lodging was become;
And as the bodies glorified, scorne
The thoughts of joyes wherewith their frailti's borne,
Despising as it were the fullest things,
Which the dull earth to our admiring brings:
So my refined soule, and my cleare mind
Can in these vild companions no peace find,
But troubled at the old acquaintance grow,
Thought-sicke, that e're such practice they did know.
Or as the *Epicure*, whose working wish
Is dreaming still upon some curious dish,
On which his waking thoughts, and sleepe imployd
Are busily, untill it be enjoyd;
Which purchas'd, his discretion is farre lesse
Then was his covet ere he did possesse,

For

For gluttonizing his ore-charged chest,
He neither can ungorge, nor yet digest,
Till farrsitted to death, he loaths it more
Then ere he did embrace, or love before:
So I whose easie youth, with fond admire
Was drawne at first this ill course to desire,
Hegg'd it in dreames, and in my waking fits
Doted upon't, to my worse losse of witts;
Whilst I esteem'd none brave or good but this,
But now I know how farre I was amisse,
And fursitted, as 'twere to death indeed,
From which by rare ingredients I am freed,
I loath my stomack-queller, and abhor
What I in too much loving suffer'd for;
Nor can profession free me from the doome
Of cruel'st censure and opinion,
These actuall ills of mine freely confess'd,
Must be in act recover'd, or exprest
My faire intentions cannot be, nor I
Sav'd from the taxe of my first infamy.

☞ O may my fate so well provide, as now,
That power which knowes, may helpe me in my vow,
And crowne my resolutions with some way
Which of the world, and heaven, recover may
All my lost honour, by some acts of mine,
That may prove farre more welcome to the time,
Then my disastrous courses, and expresse
I am much better then I dare profess.
And that great King, whose Mercie, Goodnesse, Grace,
Hath fixt my tottering life in a firme place,
Whose royall bountie do's I know expect
From any so great enjoying, some effect
Which may a thankfull tribute pay to him,
And speake the full redemption of my sinne,
You, Mighty Sir, to whom my life I owe
As debt to that great grace you did bestow,
May now command it prostrate at your feet
In any danger (I shall haste to meet)
That so by serving in your enterprize,
You may perceive how true a sacrifice

Ile make a gaine, of what you made so free,
 And that's the offering must accepted bee.
 I hope (great Sir) it is not your intent
 That I should spend my dayes in Banishment,
 For happyer farre is he condemn'd that dyes,
 Then him you save t'exile from your faire eyes.
 For what avails the blinded man to see,
 If that a Dungeon must his prison bee?
 Where doubly curs'd to be debar'd from light
 He dwells, that knew't not, whil'st he wanted sight,
 O let me live, where every day I may,
 My most religious offerings truely pay;
 And that the life you gave me, be not made
 A trouble to me, whilst my thoughts invade
 My discontented soule with torments strange;
 Not that I must my aire, and countrey change,
 Or (baird inheriting ther by) forgoe
 The temporall fortunes I am borne unto.
 But that the Shrine I worship should not see
 The constant sacrifice is made by me,
 Me thinkes I could doe more then common men,
 (For no such obligation strengthens them)
 That my Prince might his owne great power know,
 In service I could doe upon his foe;
 So let me live, that ventring so to dye,
 I pay my debt, and suffer happily.

Emori per virtutem præstat, quam per dedecum vivere.

Vivit post funera, virtus.

To the Kings most excellent Majesty, *John Clavell*
 wisheth a long and prosperous raigne in this, and in
 the world to come a plenteous share of those peculiar blessings,
 which God himselfe, out of his wonderfull and abundant good-
 nesse hath provided and set apart (even for the choicest of his c-
 lect) which are farre beyond the imagination of mortall men to
 conceive, much more impossible to be expressed.

It grieves my soule, and wounds my troubled mind;
 That onely I alone must bee confin'd,

When

*When others are let loose, that they may gaine
The honour they have lost, whilst my soule stain
Blarres both my Birth and Fortunes; had I dyed,
My ignominious death had satisfied;
But to live still, and still to live in shame,
(Within the summons of upbraiding Fame)
Is a worse plague than ever Egypt had.
It may bee thought, I that have been so bad
Cannot recant, but very likely may
Fall to my old rebellion on the way:
First let this treatie plead; then heere I call
My God above to witnesse (who knowes all
The secrets of my heart) I doe intend
Whilst these your wars indure, even there to spend
My time in that brave service; when that ends
(If I chance to survive) I have then friends,
And a poore fortune of my owne, that can
Fairly maintaine me like an honest man;
If so your Highnesse please, that I may have
My gracious pardon (you so freely gave.)
What is required of mee; I cannot pay,
If that the meanes wherewith be kept away;
Confinde within these walls, is it your will,
That I a prisoner here continue still?
When I was past the cure, and helpe of men,
You (that could onely) shielded me; just then
When death had taken leuell with his dart,
Was it that I might feele this greater smart?
O no; I never since have begg'd that boon;
But you (great Sir) have granted it right soone;
Yet notwithstanding your most royall pleasure,
I am enforc'd to carry others leaseure,
Like Tantalus, in this my hell I see,
And know the grace you have bestow'd on me,
But may not touch it, and enjoy much lesse,
The more's my griefe, and my unhappinesse;
O free me from this lingering lethargie,
Set me at liberty, or let me die.*

FINIS.